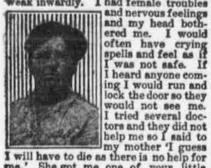
SICK WOMAN HAD CRYING SPELLS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Enhaut, Pa.—'I was all run down and weak inwardly. I had female troubles



and my head both-ered me. I would often have crying spells and feel as if was not safe. If I heard anyone com-ing I would run and lock the door so they

me.' She got me one of your little books and my husband said I should try one bottle. I stopped the doctor's medicine and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It soon made a change in me and now I am strong and do all my work."—Mrs. Augustus BAUGHMAN, Box 86, Enhaut, Pa.

Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out and drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing thresfourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

If you would like free confidential ad-

vice address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.



The Smile of Fortune.

His Wife (in intense excitement)-Albert, did you know the Nabors' home burned to the ground this morning? Isn't that perfectly terrible?

Hub (who speaks and then thinks) -Naw, that was pure luck. His Wife-Why, Albert, I'm sur-

prised at you; what do you mean? But Albert had just disappeared around the corner of the shed with the parlor rug over his arm and a beating utensil in his hand, muttering something under his breath which sounded

suspiciously like "housecleaning."

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH. You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

Never Thought of That.

Professor-Well, Emily, I've won that hundred gallons of gasoline from Jones. He wagered it against my Shakespeare first folio that I couldn't get ten miles per gallon, so I put five gallons in the tank and we've done over fifty-five."

Emily-But, Henry, dear, where are we? Night is coming on, and however shall we get back with no gas?

Professor — Gracious! thought of that !- Judge.

COVETED BY ALL

but possessed by few-a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dress-ing. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

An Astonished Creditor.

"Well," said the old man the other day, "I have been 47 years in the business, and can say what very few men can after such experience. In all that time, my friend, I never disappointed but one single creditor." "Bless me, what an example for our

young mercantile community," replied the person address; "what a pity that one time occurred. How was it?" "Why," responded the old gentleman.

"I pand the debt when it became due, and I never in all my life saw a man so much astonished."

This Difficult Age. Gallant Major-It's glad I am to see ye about again, me dear lady; but what was it that was troubling ye?

Convalescent-I was very, very iii, major, through ptomaine poisoning. Major-Dear, dear, now! What with that an' derillum tremens you never know what to eat or drink nowadays. -Punch

Speak well of yourself. Your enemies will do all the hammer wielding that is necessary.

Nerves All On Edge?

Just as nerve wear is a case of kidney weakness, so is kidney trouble a cause of nervousness. Anyone who has back-sche, nervousness, "blues," headaches, dizzy spells, urinary ills and a tired, worn feeling, would do well to try Doan's Kidney Pills. This safe, relia-ble remedy is recommended by thousands who have had relief from just

A Missouri Case



FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y

THE REAL MA By FRANCIS LYNDE

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The Hidden Power

Most of us never learn what great powers lie undeveloped within our mind and body. We go through life working at about fifty per cent pressure. Unless there come a crisis which calls out to duty the last ounce of bodily strength and the most acute mental energy, we go to the end of life's string knowing not how much of the Creator's gift we have neglected and let go

"The Real Man" is the story of a young fellow who had the good fortune to face a real crisis when he was twenty-five years old. It called out his entire reserve of strength and courage. For 25 years there existed a smug person, hide-bound, soft, shrewd. Then came the blow-The real man stepped out off! that smug disguise and showed the stuff that was in him. It was great stuff, too.

All of you will enjoy "The Real Man." It will entertain. It will provoke serious thought. It may lead you to examine the inside of your shell of life in search of the real man or the real woman. It may help you to discover a way to work at higher pressure than fifty per centand if you do, you'll know the secret that has made men famous throughout the world's

THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

Bank Cashier and Society Man.

It was ten minutes of eight when J. Montague Smith had driven his runabout to its garage and was hastening across to his suite of bachelor apartments in the Kincald terrace. There was reason for the haste. It was his regular evening for calling upon Miss Verda Richlander, and time pressed. The provincial beatitudes had chosen

recollections Montague Smith had lived the life of the well-behaved and the lander foundry trust, and the hearse other in the small-city business world, and he filled both to his own satisfaction and to the admiration of all and life and old age; moderate in all things, impulsive in none.

charter member of the Lawrenceville standing. Athletic club and took a certain pride in keeping himself physically fit and up to the mark, it was not his habit to be in bad, if he wants to. When you made violent in anything. Lawrenceville that \$100,000 loan, you forgot-and I expected its young men and young forgot for the moment-that you own women to marry and "settle down." renceville youngest set, was far too against you. You must get rid of that conservative to break with the tradition, even if he had wished to. Miss fer the ten shares to me, dating the Richlander was desirable in many respects. Her father's ample fortune had the stock books in my hands, and I'll not come early enough or rapidly enough to spoil her. In moments when it to fit. This may look a little crookhis feeling for her achieved its nearest approach to sentiment the conservative young man perceived what a graciously resplendent figure she would make as the mistress of her own house and the hostess at her own table.

Smith snapped the switch of the electrics and began to lay out his evening cashier had tried, unofficially, to disclothes, methodically but with a certain air of calm deliberation, inserting he had admitted that he was going to the buttons in the waistcoat, choosing use the money in an attempt to buy hose of the proper thinness, rummag- up the control of his own company's ing a virgin tie out of its box in the stock. Smith was thinking of the big

top dressing-case drawer. The girl was a visitor from the West, town. Smith had driven over one evening in his runabout to make a call had found a lawn party in progress, ber of the banking force at whatever with the western visitor as the guest hour the notion senzed him. Smith

Acquaintance—such an acquaintance the Richlander house. The prompt-

as can be achieved in a short social | ness with which the multimillionaire's | him have the money! Westfall is your derness had proved to be a mocking ly unexpected. critic of the commonplace conventions, and had been moved to pillory the stirred in him were his only excuse for stealing her glove. There remained he asked. now nothing of the clashing encounter at the lawn party save the solled glove. a rather obscure memory of a face too piquant and attractive to be cheapened by the word "pretty;" these and a parting: "Yes; I am going back home very soon. I don't like your smug mid-die West civilization, Mr. Smith-it much. Goodby." smothers me. I don't wonder that it breeds men who live and grow up and find themselves."

Some day, perhaps, he would tell Verda Richlander of the sharp-tongued little Western beauty. Verda-and all sensible people-would smile at the idea that he, John Montague Smith, was of those who had not "found" themselves, or that the finding-by which he had understood the Western cal and upsetting-could in any way be forced upon a man who was old of the uplifted hand were thrust into enough and sane enough to know his own lengths and breadths and depths.

He was stripping off his coat to dress when he saw two letters which had evi- the side street. The night-watchman's dently been thrust under the door during his absence at supper time. One of the vault corridor, but it was empty. threateningly involved neither moved the envelopes was plain, with his name scribbled on it in pencil. The other might have had its significance; but bore a typewritten address with the card of Westfall Foundries company in The obvious conclusion was that Mr. its upper left-hand corner, Smith opened Carter Westfall's letter first upon some errand; and the motive and read it with a little twinge of shocked surprise, as one reads the story of a brave battle fought and lost.

"Dear Monty," it ran. "I have been trying to reach you by phone off and on ever since the adjournment of our stockholders' meeting at three o'clock. We, of the little inside pool, have got president's greeting. it where the chicken got the ax. Richlander had more proxies up his sleeve the young cashier of the Lawrence- He was able to vote 55 per cent of the your room." ville Bank and Trust. From his earliest stock straight, and you know what that means: a consolidation with the Richconventional. He had his niche in the and white horses for yours truly and Lawrenceville social structure, and an- the minority stockholders. We're dead

-dead and buried. "Of course, I stand to lose everything, but that isn't all of it. I'm horsundry. Ambitions, other than to take ribly anxious for fear you'll be tangled the president rarely allowed him to promotions in the bank as they came to up personally in some way in the mat- forget the fact. None the less, his boyhim, and, eventually, to make money ter of that last loan of \$100,000 that I enough to satisfy the demands which got from the Bank and Trust. You will Josiah Richlander might make upon a remember you made the loan while prospective son-in-law, had never trou- Dunham was away, and I am certain bled him. An extremely well-balanced you told me you had his consent to young man his fellow townsmen called take my Foundries stock as collateral. him, one of whom it might safely be That part of it is all right, but, as matpredicted that he would go straightfor- ters stand, the stock isn't worth the wardly on his way to reputable middle paper it is printed on, and-well, to tell the bald truth, I'm scared of Dunham. Brickley, the Chicago lawyer Even in the affair with Miss Rich- they have brought down here, tells me lander sound common sense and sober that your bank is behind the consolidasecond thought had been made to tion deal, and if that is so, there is gostand in the room of supersentiment. ing to be a bank loss to show up on my Smith did not know what it was to be paper, and Dunham will carefully cover violently in love; though he was a his tracks for the sake of the bank's

"It is a hideous mess, and it has occurred to me that Dunham can put you stock, Monty, and do it quick. Transtransfer back to Saturday. I still have ed, on the surface, but it's your salvation, and we can't stop to split hairs when we've just been shot full of holes.

"WESTFALL." Smith folded the letter mechanically and thrust it into his pocket. Carter Westfall was his good friend, and the suade Westfall from borrowing after bank loss and the hopeless ruln of It was in the search for the tie that | Carter Westfall when he tore the seche turned up a mute reminder of his ond envelope across and took out the nearest approach to any edge of the inclosed slip of scratch-paper. It was real chasm of sentiment; a small glove, a note from the president and it was somewhat soiled and use-worn, with a dated within the hour. Mr. Dunham by rip in one of the fingers. It had was back in Lawrenceville earlier than n a full year since he had seen the expected, and the note had been writglove or its owner, whom he had met ten at the bank. It was a curt sumonly once, and that entirely by chance. mons; the cashler was wanted, at once. At the moment, Smith did not conthe daughter of a ranchman, he had nect the summons with the Westfall understood; and she had been stopping cataclysm, or with any other untoward over with friends in a neighboring thing. Mr. Watrous Dunham had a habit of dropping in and out unexpectedly. Also, he had the habit of sendupon the daughters of the house, and ing for his cashier or any other mem-

went to the telephone and called up

hour—had followed. At all points the daughter came to the phone was an friend, and you are a stockholder in bewitching young woman from the wil- intimation that his ring was not entire-

"This is Montague," he said, when Miss Richlander's mellifluous "Main same in the person of her momentary four six eight-Mr. Richlander's resientertainer. Some thrills this young dence" came over the wire. Then: person from the wide horizons had "What are you going to think of a man who calls you up merely to beg off?"

Miss Richlander's reply was merciful and he was permitted to go on and explain. "I'm awfully sorry, but it can't very well be helped, you know. Mr. Dunham has returned, and he wants thing she had said at the moment of me at the bank. I'll be up a little later on, if I can break away, and you'll let

The Lawrenceville Bank and Trust, lately installed in its new marble-vedie without ever having a chance to neered quarters, was only four squares distant. As he was approaching the corner, Smith saw that there were only two lights in the bank, one in the vault corridor and another in the railed-off open space in front which held the president's desk and his own. Through the big plate-glass windows he could see Mr. Dunham. The president was apparently at work, his portly figure young woman to mean something radi- filling the padded swing-chair. He had one elbow on the desk, and the fingers his thick mop of hair.

Smith had his own keys and he let himself in quietly through the door on To a suspicious person the empty chair Montague Smith was not suspicious. Dunham had sent the watchman forth needed not to be tagged as ulterior.

Without meaning to be particularly noiseless, Smith-rubber heels on tiled floor assisting-was unlatching the gate in the counter railing before his superior officer heard him and looked up. There was an irritable note in the

"Oh, it's you, at last, is it?" he rasped. "You have taken your own than we thought he had, and he has good time about coming. It's a halfa fit subject for their illustration in put the steam roller over us to a finish. hour and more since I sent that note to

CHAPTER II.

Metastasis.

Smith drew out the chair from the stenographer's table and sat down. Like the cashiers of many little-city banks, he was only a salaried man, and



Am Not Going to Do What You Want.

ten shares of Westfall Foundries in ish gray eyes were reflecting just a and J. Montague Smith, figuring in a your own name. If Dunham wants to shade of the militant antagonism in modest way as a leader in the Law- stand from under, this might be used Mr. Watrous Dunham's when he said: "I was dining at the Country club with a friend, and I didn't go to my rooms until a few minutes ago."

The president sat back in the big mahagany swing-chair. His face, with lips and the dewlap lower law, was the face of a man who shoots to kill.

"I suppose you've heard the news about Westfall?"

Smith nodded.

"Then you also know that the bank stands to lose a cold hundred thousand on that loan you made him?" The young man in the stenographer's

chair knew now very well why the night-watchman had been sent away. Smith saw the solid foundations of his small world-the only world he had ever known-crumbling to a threatened dissolution. "You may remember that I advised

against the making of that loan when Westfall first spoke of it," he said, after he had mastered the premonitory chill of panic. "It was a bad risk -for him and for us." "I suppose you won't deny that the

loan was made while I was away in New York," was the challenging rejoinder. "It was. But you gave your sanction

before you went East." The president twirled his chair to face the objector and brought his palm down with a smack upon the desk-

alide. "No!" he stormed. "What I told you to do was to look up his collateral; and you took a snap judgment and let

his bankrupt company. You took a chance for your own hand and put the bank in the hole. Now I'd like to ask what you are going to do about it."

Smith looked up quickly, Somewhere inside or him the carefully erected walls of use and custom were tumbling in strange ruins and out of the debris another structure, formless as yet, but obstinately sturdy, was rising.

"I am not going to do what you want me to do, Mr. Dunham-step in and be your convenient scapegoat," he said, wondering a little in his inner recesses how he was finding the sheer brutal man-courage to say such a thing to the president of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust. "I suppose you have reasons of your own for wishing to shift the responsibility for this particular loss to my shoulders. But whether you have or haven't, I decline to accept it." The president tilted his chair and locked his hands over one knee.

"It isn't a question of shifting the responsibility, Montague," he said, dropping the bullying weapon to take up another. "The loan was made in my absence. You have taken the bank's money to bolster up a failing concern in which you are a stockholder. Go to any lawyer in Lawrenceville-the best one you can find-and he'll tell you exactly where you stand."

While the big clock over the vault entrance was slowly ticking off a full half-minute the young man whose fuchair stood in its accustomed place in ture had become so suddenly and so nor spoke, but his silence was no measure of the turmoil of conflicting emetions and passions that were rending him.

"I may not prove quite the easy mark that your plan seems to prefigure, Mr. Dunham," he returned at length, trying to say it calmly. "Just what are you expecting me to do?"

"Now you are talking more like a grown man," was the president's crusty admission. "You are in a pretty bad boat, Montague, and that is why I sent for you tonight." "Well?" said the younger man.

"You can see how it will be. If I can say to the directors that you have already resigned-and if you are not where they can too easily lay hands on you-they may not care to push the charge against you. There is a train west at ten o'clock. If I were in your place, I should pack a couple of suit-

any ready money-" It was at this point that J. Montague Smith rose up out of the stenographer's chair and buttoned his coat.

cases and take it. That is the only

safe thing for you to do. If you need

"If I need any ready money," he repeated slowly, advancing a step toward the president's desk. "That is gave yourself away. Mr Dunham. You authorized that loan. and did it because you were willing to use the bank's money to put Carter Westfall in the hole so deep that he could never climb out. Now, it seems, you are willing to bribe the only dangerous witness. I don't need money badly enough to sell my good name for it. I shall stay right here in Lawrenceville and fight it out with you!"

The president turned abruptly to his desk and his hand sought the row of electric bell-pushes. With a finger resting upon the one marked "police," he said: "There isn't any room for argument, Montague. You can have one more minute in which to change your mind. If you stay, you'll begin your fight from the inside of the county fall."

Now there had been nothing in John Montague Smith's well-ordered quarter century of boyhood, youth, and business manhood to tell him how to cope with the crude and savage emergency which he was confronting. But in the granted minute of respite somemake the entry in the record and date the cold, protrusive eyes, the heavy thing within him, a thing as primitive and elemental as the crisis with which it was called upon to grapple, shook itself awake. He stepped quickly across the intervening space and stood under the shaded desk light within arm's reach of the man in the big swingchair. "You have it all cut and dried, even

to the setting of the police trap, haven't you?" he gritted, hardly recognizing his own voice. "You meant to hang me first and try your own case with the directors afterward, Mr. Dunham, I know you better than you think I do: you are not only a crook-you are a yellow-livered coward, as well! You don't dare to press that button!"

While he was saying it, the president had half risen, and the hand which had been hovering over the bell-pushes shot suddenly under the piled papers in the corner of the desk. When it came out it was gripping the weapor which is never very far out of reach in

The next installment tells you how Mr. Dunham got the surprise of his crooked life. And J. Montague Smith came to know quickly the value of using all his latent power.

(TO BE CONTINUED.



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Friend of the Animals.

Barnum and Bailey's success in rearing rare animals of the Orient while in captivity is principally due to the extraordinary magnetism and affection of one called Andrew-no one ever heard his last name-the giraffe man. He has traveled all over Africa. Animals love him. A few years ago when a monkey was maimed in the zircus and was to be killed. Andrew interceded, saved the monkey's life and nursed him back to health. The monkey is now Andrew's shadow. Among his other small pets, each of which has some special cause of gratitude to the kindly trainer, are a blind dog, a house cat, a parrot, a chicken and a white rat. Wherever he sits they take possession of his lap, shoulders and knees, and talk to him-and Andrew talks back. They all seem to understand him perfectly.

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On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Continue this treatment for ten days and note the change in your skin. No better toilet preparations exist.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv.

Stenographer Too Radiant.

The elder Swift, founder of one of the great Chicago beef concerns, hated to see women working in bright clothes, according to a man who once labored for the Swift concern. There happened to be a stenographer at the works, however, who bought all the loud raiment she could, and looked like a combination of a merry-go-round and a rainbow when she walked through the yards.

One day the elder Swift caught sight of her. He called his assistant. "Who is that?" he asked. "Why, that's Mr. Blank's stenogra-

pher." "How much does she get?"

"Twenty-five a week." "Dock her." "I'm afraid she'll leave."

Swift shot a glance at his assistant before he answered: "If she don't," he said, "dock her

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfelt money the imitation has not the worth of the original.

again."-Earl Godwin, in Washington

Insist on "La Creele" Hair Dressing— it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00,-Adv.

Helping the Laundress.

"I declare to goodness, I have got the backache so today I just can't lift that tub," said the laundress, as she looked at it on the bench in the laundry. "Why lift it?" asked John.

"And how do you suppose I am going to get it emptied?" asked the laundress, sarcastically.

"Siphon it out," said John. Then he went to a closet where o and ends were kept, found a piece rubber tubing, filled it with water, then holding both ends, placed in the tub and trailed the other the sewer opening in the floor, moment the water was runni nicely, while the laundress stoo her mouth open, watching how easy

In Line. "What sort of a slow curve are you .

"We've finished baseball practice for the day," answered the head of the "This is bombing practice, old squad.

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